

*White* Hunters  
Because they are enemies of the state  
(Purs) but mainly — ~~and~~ <sup>are trying to</sup> a just reason —

Because they would kill you  
to make you go away ~~and not of you~~ <sup>because you are there,</sup>

It is all right to hunt these men (who are  
sixteen—~~or~~ sometimes thirteen—but look <sup>and</sup>

*look it* — fourteen till they are thirty, if they  
*survive* — live through the hunt; beardless, except those <sup>in life</sup> ~~the~~  
*village elders* who attain great age and goatees, by being  
wily and ~~maybe~~ <sup>digging</sup> running with both sides).

*and silent, sometimes*  
Fair game, then; but even better as hunters,  
striking from cover (they know it all, <sup>hundreds near their homes</sup>  
~~found~~ about their homes), or behind paddy-dikes, or  
treelines (like redskins; we're red-coats) especially:  
approach these warily,  
eyes quick, hand on the trigger; paddy-water  
holding your crotch, pressing cool against thighs;  
mud eating your boots, making noise.

This is the ~~best~~ <sup>for</sup> trip—in paddies or jungle, or  
at night on the dikes, riceleaves black against  
a moon in the water—being hunted while hunting.  
~~Some don't dig it, and it can get to be a drag,~~  
like anything, ~~but at first, and at best,~~ <sup>and some never dig it; but</sup>  
it keeps you awake, very very alive, super-cool:  
knowing you're watched, walking into traps,  
waiting to shoot your way out with guns that  
fire as long as you press the trigger  
(summer twilights, the garden hose with  
your thumb on the nozzle).

The only game in-country  
is men. These new guns would ruin a deer—make  
a tiger-rug look like a leopard—but the  
good skins have departed anyway (having no  
graves to tend), border-crossing to Cambodia,  
which is ass-deep in Vietnamese tigers and  
elephants, keeping their noses clean.

Even in choppers hunters get to be stalked.  
In the old colonies, it wasn't pukka to  
shoot from vehicles, but the new rule is,  
Wait till you're fired on—sound of corn popping—  
then wheel and hose with the .50 caliber;  
sometimes (generals get to do this) swoop low  
enough to reach down, pull up a quarry  
exhausted still running, by his bushy black hair,  
lay his fine-boned, heaving bloody chest across  
green thighs to carry back.

Nothing wrong, is there, in hunting men  
who hunt you? Their line, of course, is, It's  
their country; they have a right, you have  
no business, etc. But then,  
the tigers could have said that. Or the Indians.